

Having put her 2 up
on Daycare's Minibus,

Laur sips hot chocolate
outside the back shed;
she pulls the blankets

closer as silk breezes
doppler back a music
of laughing children.

"Relish such moments! There
won't be many more,"
whispers she. A confidence.

Rose petals zephyr in.
"This is what Beauty is!"
she breathes. Her 2

will soon alight, backpacks,
& double-jointed dolls. *Their*
teachers *rush...*

Laur drinks thinking how
doctors told her nothing

...to greet them!

MORE TO DO!

All the kids are loveliness. (*Even
as Packy Elkot boy-jokes of Peepee!*)

The cup, still steaming,

drops from her.

Air's so very cold now!

Laur daydreams she dies,
& does.

Trucks jostling on the Causeway,
Weather Girl teases wily corrs-
pondent re inching traffic. Hey!...

It speeds abruptly up later!
Forgotten soon enough there,

Laur, as Life roars by.
Or is that Time?